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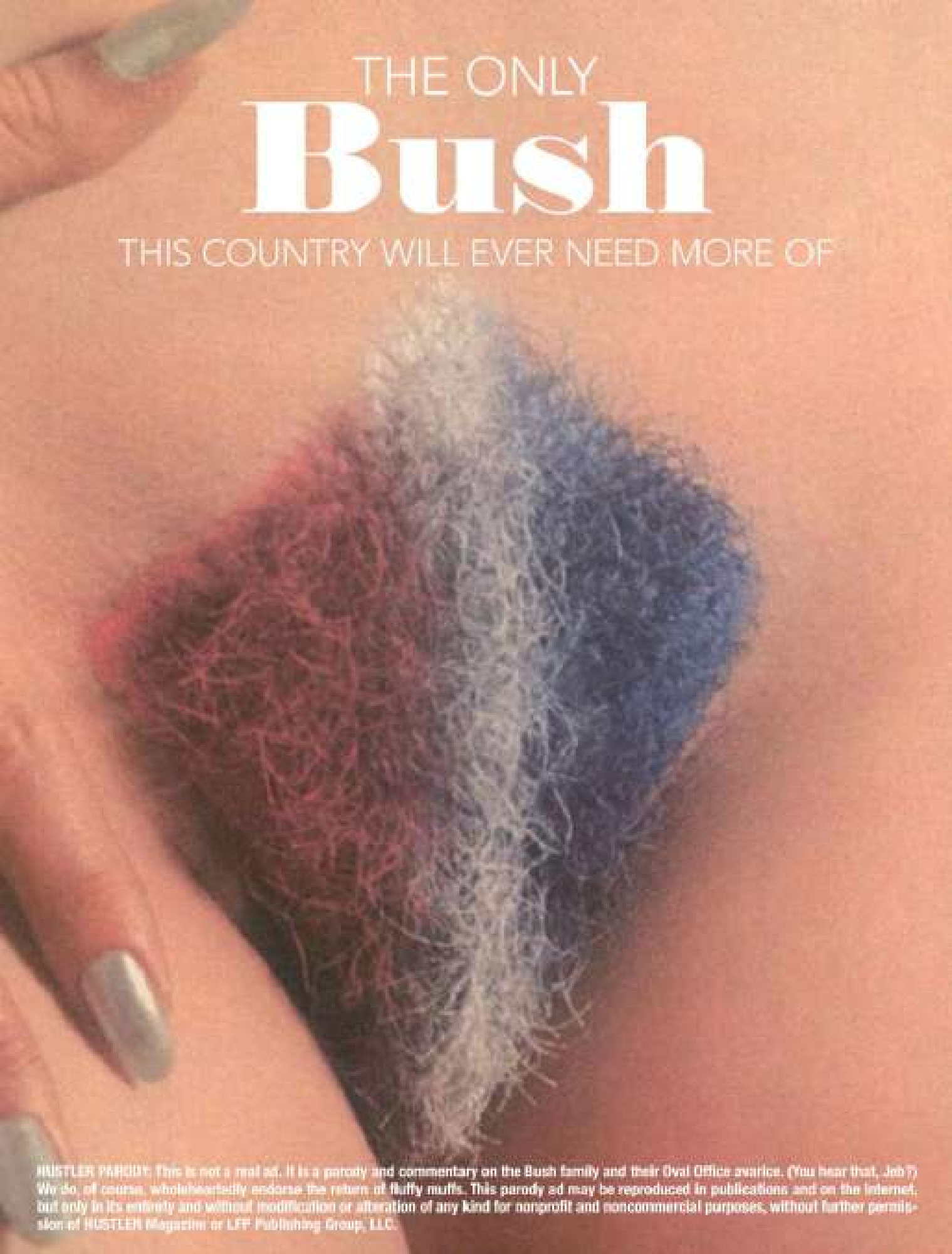

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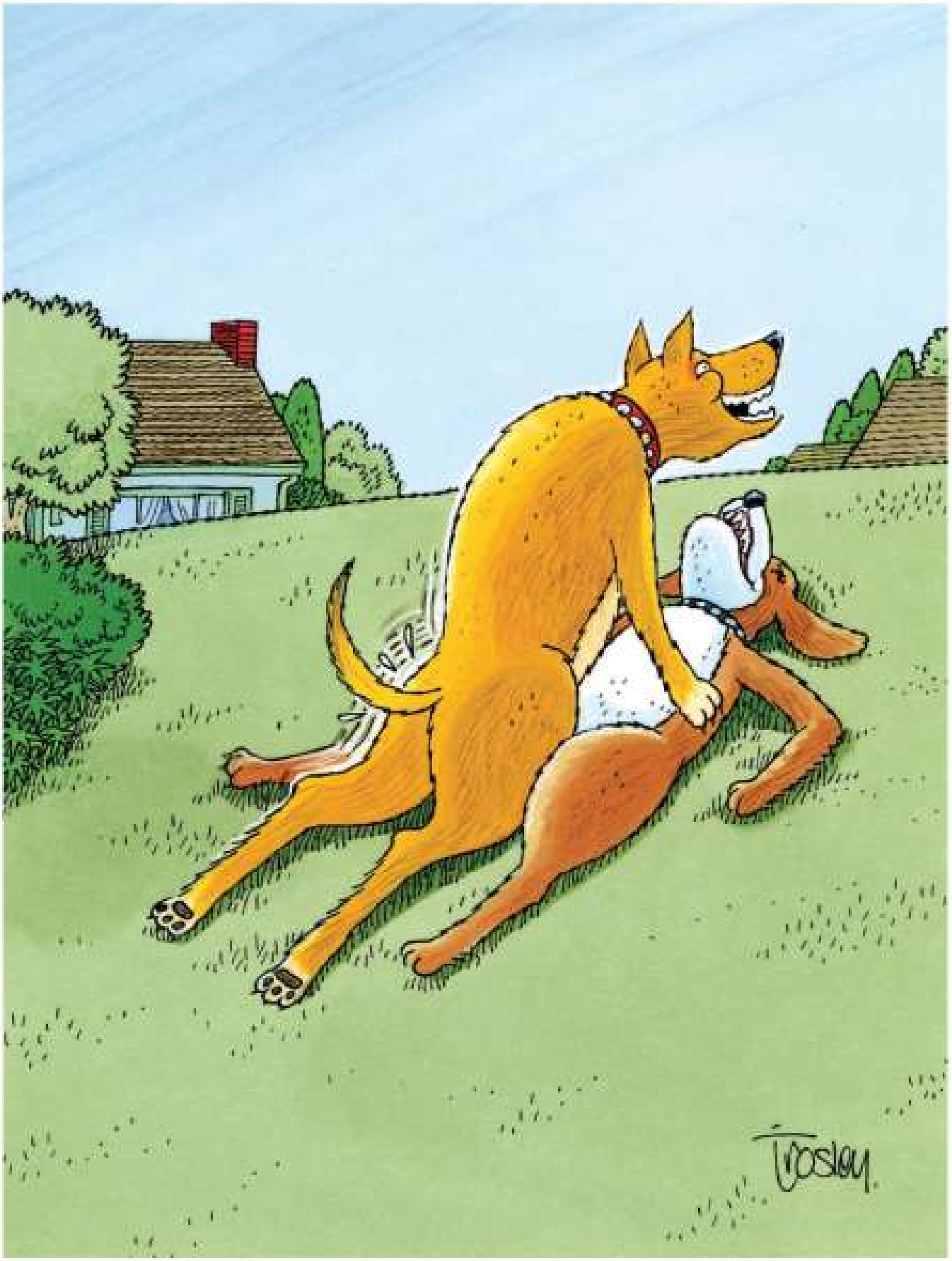

"I really *love* this! What'd you call it? Human-style?

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Cover photo by John Emslie

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EVOLVE ALREADY!

Our contemporary existence—with its advanced medicine, high-tech communication and more convenience than mankind has ever known—is all thanks to science and engineering, not religion. It makes me laugh when fundamentalists and creationists use the Internet to disseminate their propaganda or seek advanced therapies for their illnesses, while being utterly in denial about the science that led to those possibilities.

We need researchers and engineers working at the cutting edge of human knowledge to ensure the future of our country and our economy. It's time to stop indoctrinating our young with obvious mythology and misinformation that will stop development in its tracks and sabotage our country's promise.

But even the most enlightened populace won't be enough if they don't exert an influence on the powers that be. More than ever, our nation needs a scientifically minded electorate. In a perfect world, everyone would exercise the critical thinking and unbiased methods of a scientist to determine which politician and policy would best serve them. But as we've seen all too often recently, the majority of citizens who bother to go to polls are ill-informed and gullible to emotional propaganda, and they vote against their own self-interest.

This dilemma is not likely to change on its own. But if more educated and scientifically minded citizens realize that it's in their own self-interest to vote and preserve the political foundation of their work, we'll have a fighting chance. Progress through science! That motto is now more relevant than ever. Let's commit to it and evolve already.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

"The public is starting to take a stand."

PROBING OUR PERVOS

A SENATE COMMITTEE EXPOSES THE DEPRAVITIES OF THE CIA'S TORTURE PROGRAM.

How did George W. Bush's war on terror validate the depraved sadism authorized at the highest levels of his administration? That long-overlooked question was raised by the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, which compiled (and controversially made public) an exhaustive report on the CIA's post-9/11 torture program.

The committee's findings include sicko instances of rectal rape and other types of violent sexual assault on helpless prisoners. Clearly the violation of a captive body was pursued not as a means of obtaining pivotal information, but as a pleasurable end in itself.

Enhanced interrogation techniques, the CIA's bland euphemism for some of the most horrid practices concocted in human history, has everything to do with humiliation and nothing to do with legitimate interrogation. After five years of sifting through millions of pages of CIA files, the committee could not find a single instance where torture produced critically useful information. That fact in no way, however, mitigated the appetites of the brutal inquisitors.

The most startling example of this perversion of purpose involved Hassan Ghul. This detainee helped locate Osama bin Laden before the torture began and provided nothing of significance after CIA thugs terrorized him into a subhuman lump. It was Ghul who willingly offered up what the Senate committee's report called "the most accurate" intelligence identifying one of bin Laden's trusted couriers. That tip led to the 2011 raid on the al-Qaeda leader's hideout in Pakistan, during which bin Laden was summarily executed by Navy SEALs.

As one CIA officer disclosed, Ghul "sang like a tweetie bird" during his first two days of interrogation without being subjected to any of the techniques that have brought such shame to the image of the United States. "He opened up right away and was cooperative from the outset," the CIA officer reported.

But that was no fun. So instead of thanking Hassan Ghul for ending the hunt for bin Laden, the CIA decided to torture him anyway. He was hung in stress positions and kept awake for 59 hours while his body went into uncontrollable spasms. The CIA ultimately admitted that once the torture regimen began, Ghul provided "no actionable threat information" leading to the capture of any al-Qaeda leaders. How could he? The reliable informant had been transformed into a hallucinating relic of a human.

In fact, the overriding theme of the Senate Intelligence Committee's report is that torture doesn't work. After extensively reviewing classified CIA documents, the committee concluded that enhanced interrogation "provided fabricated, inconsistent and generally unreliable information."

Even if torture had produced significant results, it is the consensus of civilized societies worldwide that subjecting a person to physical and/or psychological extremes must be rejected as inherently inhuman. And did anyone at the CIA or higher in the chain of command take into account that the Fifth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution prohibits the government from forcing individuals to incriminate themselves?

Making the CIA's interrogation program even more horrendous is its longevity. Captives were tortured for six years or more despite what should have been compelling evidence that savagely mistreating them was counterproductive. Why resort to "rectal rehydration" and "rectal feeding"—which the CIA's chief of interrogations defended as a means of enforcing "total control over the detainee"—if not for the sick joy of degrading another human? And even some innocent humans! According to the Senate Intelligence Committee's report, at least 26 of the 119 detainees tortured by the CIA were "wrongfully held."

So who was responsible for the travesty? The United Nations' rapporteur for counterterrorism declared, "The fact that the policies revealed in this report were authorized at a high level within the U.S. government provides no excuse whatsoever. Indeed, it reinforces the need for criminal accountability." By defending the torture program after the truth came out, former President George W. Bush admitted that he was America's sadist in chief.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*

"Shit, this is all we need...another senseless killing of an unarmed black man! Lucky for us, you're a nigger too!"

BANKING ON A SURE THING

PUBLICLY OWNED BANKS WOULD BENEFIT ALL 50 STATES, NOT JUST OIL-RICH NORTH DAKOTA.

While 49 state treasuries were submerged in red ink after the 2008 financial crisis, one state's bank outperformed all others. So reports *The Wall Street Journal*, discussing the Bank of North Dakota (BND) and its striking success in the midst of a national financial collapse led by the major banks. Chester Dawson begins his November 16th article:

"It is more profitable than Goldman Sachs Group Inc., has a better credit rating than J.P. Morgan Chase & Co. and hasn't seen profit growth drop since 2003. Meet Bank of North Dakota, the U.S.'s lone state-owned bank, which has one branch, no automated teller machines and not a single investment banker."

He backs this up with comparative data on the BND's performance:

"[The BND's] total assets have more than doubled, to $6.9 billion last year from $2.8 billion in 2007. By contrast, assets of the much bigger Bank of America Corp. have grown much more slowly, to $2.1 trillion from $1.7 trillion in that period.

"…Return on equity, a measure of profitability, is 18.56%, about 70% higher than those at Goldman Sachs and J.P. Morgan."

Dawson goes on, however, to credit the BND's remarkable performance to the Bakken oil boom. Giving his article the controversial title, "Shale Boom Helps North Dakota Bank Earn Returns Goldman Would Envy: U.S.'s Lone State-Owned Bank Is Beneficiary of Fracking," he contends:

"The reason for its success? As the sole repository of the state of North Dakota's revenue, the bank has been one of the biggest beneficiaries of the boom in Bakken shale-oil production from hydraulic fracturing, or fracking. In fact, the bank played a crucial part in kick-starting the oil frenzy in the state in 2008 amid the financial crisis."

That is how the Wall Street-owned media routinely write off this lone publicly owned bank—by saying that its exceptional record results from the private oil industry boom. It would be more accurate to say that the bank *mentored* the boom.

Dawson does allow that the BND played a crucial role in kick-starting the boom and the economy, at a time when other states were languishing in recession. It did this by lending for critical infrastructure (roads, housing, hospitals, hotels) when other states' banks were curtailing local lending.

But while the state itself may have reaped increased taxes and fees from the oil boom, the BND got no more out of the deal than an increase in deposits, as the BND is the sole repository of state revenues by law.

Having excess deposits can hardly be the reason the BND has outdistanced even JPMorgan Chase and Bank of America, which also have massive excess deposits and have not turned them into loans. Instead, these banks invested their excess deposits in securities.

Interestingly, the BND has also followed this practice. According to Standard & Poor's October 2014 credit report, it had a loan-to-deposit ratio in 2009 of 91%. This ratio dropped to 57.5% in 2014. The excess deposits went primarily into Treasuries, U.S. government agency debt and mortgage-backed securities. Thus the bank's extraordinary profitability cannot be explained by an excess of deposits or an expanded loan portfolio.

Further eroding Dawson's explanation is that the oil boom did not actually peak in North Dakota until 2010. Yet it was the sole state to have escaped the credit crisis by the spring of 2009, when every other state's budget had already dipped into negative territory.

According to Standard & Poor's, the BND's return on equity was up to 23.4% in 2009—substantially higher than in any of the years of the oil boom that began in 2010.

How, then, to explain the remarkable achievements of this lone public bank?

The answer is something the privately owned major media have tried to sweep under the rug: The public banking model is simply more profitable and efficient than the private model. Profits, rather than being si-

"Listen up, grandson. The next time that bully demands your lunch money, tell him you left it on his mother's dresser… then kick him in the nuts!"

phoned into offshore tax havens, are recycled back into the bank, the state and the community.

The BND's costs are extremely low: no exorbitantly paid executives; no bonuses, fees or commissions; only one branch office; very low borrowing costs; and no FDIC premiums (the state rather than the FDIC guarantees its deposits).

These are all features that set publicly owned banks apart from privately owned banks. Beyond that, they are safer for depositors, allow public infrastructure costs to be cut in half and provide a noncriminal alternative to a Wall Street cartel caught in a laundry list of frauds.

Other unique aspects of the BND's public banking model? As noted in the *WSJ*:

"It traditionally extends credit, or invests directly, in areas other lenders shun, such as rural housing loans.

"…[R]etail banking accounts for just 2% to 3% of its business. The bank's focus is providing loans to students and extending credit to companies in North Dakota, often in partnership with smaller community banks."

"The bank's mission is promoting economic development, not competing with private banks. 'We're a state agency and profit maximization isn't what drives us,' [BND] President Eric Hardmeyer said."

"It recently started offering mortgages to individuals in the most underserved corners of the state. But Mr. Hardmeyer dismisses any notion the bank could run into trouble with deadbeat borrowers. 'We know our customers,' he said. 'You've got to understand the conservative nature of this state. Nobody here is really interested in making subprime loans.'"

The bank's mission to promote economic development could help explain why its return on equity has actually fallen since the oil boom peaked in 2010. The mass invasion by private oil interests has put a severe strain on the state's infrastructure, forcing it to muster its resources defensively to keep up, and the BND is in the thick of that battle.

In an August 2011 article titled "North Dakota's Oil Boom Is a Blessing and a Curse," Ryan Holeywell writes that virtually all major infrastructure in the boom cities and counties is strained or exhausted. To shore up its infrastructure needs, the state has committed hundreds of millions of dollars in revenue. Meanwhile, it is trying to promote industries other than oil and gas, such as companies involved with unmanned aircraft, data centers and manufacturing associated with wind energy equipment. But the remoteness of the western part of the state, along with the high cost of labor, makes doing business there complicated and expensive.

Hydrofracking, which has been widely attacked as an environmental hazard, is not as bad in North Dakota as in other states, since the process takes place nearly two miles underground; but it still raises significant environmental concerns. The greatest stresses from the oil industry, however, involve the shortage of housing and the damage to the county road system, which in many places consists of two-lane gravel and dirt roads. Drilling a new well requires more than 2,000 truck trips, and the heavy rigs are destroying the roads. Fixing them has been estimated to require an investment of more than $900 million over the next 20 years.

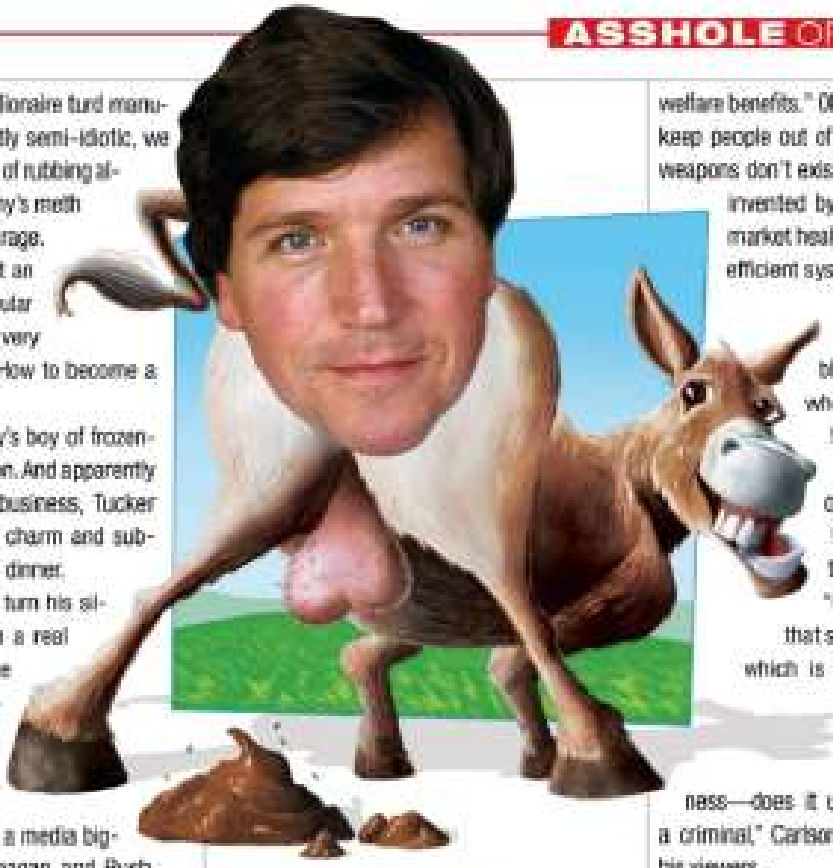
These are external costs imposed by the oil industry that the government has to pick up. All of it requires financing, and the BND is there to provide the credit lines.

What the Bank of North Dakota has done to sustain its state's oil boom, a publicly owned bank could do for other promising industries in other states. But no other state has yet voted to take up the challenge, despite a plethora of bills introduced for the purpose. Legislators are slow to move on innovations, unless a fire is lit under them by a crisis or a mass popular movement.

We would be better off sparking a movement than waiting for a crisis. The compelling data in Dawson's *Wall Street Journal* article, properly construed, could add fuel to the flames. H

Ellen Brown is an attorney, founder of the Public Banking Institute and author of 12 books, including the bestseller *Web of Debt*. In her latest book, *The Public Bank Solution*, she explores successful public-banking models historically and globally. Her 200-plus blog articles are at **EllenBrown.com**.

"The Republican Party promises the highest standard of living, full employment, affordable energy, no crime and that we won't come in your mouth."



TUCKER CARLSON

Yes, this month's millionaire turd manufacturer is so blandly semi-idiotic, we had to drink a crate of rubbing alcohol and smoke all granny's meth before we could work up a rage. Nevertheless, we suspect an examination of this particular sphincter might offer a very valuable lesson, namely: How to become a common whore.

Carlson is the mommy's boy of frozen-food heiress Patty Swanson. And apparently inspired by this family business, Tucker early on acquired all the charm and substance of a two-for-$5 TV dinner.

He tried for a while to turn his silver-spoon schooling into a real writing career, but what he shat out was mostly editorial filler that made it into print only because his dad, the appropriately named Dick Carlson, was a media bigwig in thick with the Reagan and Bush clans. Eventually Tucker's compulsion to have the world see him give full-blown tip service to the rich and heartless became too powerful. Mealymouthed Tucker sought the slimy embrace of cable TV.

Most commentators cursed to write about Carlson note this as the regrettable point at which a journalist with potential became a two-bit talking head, the veritable squawking epitome of what's become of conservative journalism in America. As a trenchant profile on Salon.com phrased it, Carlson "began his career in the most respectable fashion possible and has spent the ensuing decades gradually lowering himself into the gutter."

As we see it, this is when the human TV dinner blossomed from mediocre media slut to real pay-for-play suckwad. Carlson's smirking, sanctimonious mug—which even his own colleagues have called eminently "punchable"—and the inane-looking bow tie that apparently cut off the oxygen to his brain, made him look for all intents and purposes like a sock-puppet parody of the boob-tube pundit. A high-class call girl tries to look elegant and worth the big bucks; a trashy streetwalker doesn't bother.

Not long after Carlson started pedding his puss onscreen, *The Daily Show*'s Jon Stewart nailed him as an unwatchable purveyor of "partisan hackery" in a legendary 2004 smackdown on CNN's *Crossfire*. The high points bear reprinting. Stewart's jab: "You have a responsibility to the public discourse, and you fail miserably." Carlson's reply: "You need to get a job at a journalism school." Stewart: "You need to go to one." Carlson: "I do think you're more fun on your show." Stewart: "You're as big a dick on your show as you are on any show."

A few months later Carlson and his show got shitcanned. Tucker continued his slide into the gutter until Fox News was the only john in town sleazy enough to buy his services. Proving he had no boundaries as long as the price was right, Tucker even jumped into the sack with professional smarter Dick Cheney in 2010 to launch the click-bait crapsite Daily Caller. Carlson boldly claimed it wouldn't "enforce any kind of ideological orthodoxy," which is like saying a rectum doesn't produce anything in particular; it's just a coincidence that only shit comes out.

Like all whores who think they're slick because they rook a guy when all his blood is in his dick, Carlson isn't half as clever as he thinks he is. On every one of the tight white right's panic points, his spin has become moronically fact-free and increasingly bizarre: Obama's "scary" immigration policy is a plan to "use race to divide the country" and give ISIS terrorists "tons of social welfare benefits." Obama's "cheap student loans keep people out of the labor market." Assault weapons don't exist and it's a "made-up term" invented by liberal gun haters. Black-market healthcare would be "a far more efficient system" than Obamacare.

In a recent shit-for-brains classic, Carlson quibbled on-air with an attorney who tried to explain to him that the dozing truck driver who barreled into comic actor Tracy Morgan's tour bus, killing a guy, could serve time for reckless homicide. "I'm really struck by the idea that someone who falls asleep—which is something that everybody does every day, not necessarily considered an act of recklessness—does it unintentionally, nods off, is a criminal," Carlson said, probably thinking of his viewers.

Why would our talking TV dinner say something that stupid? Here's the answer: Tracy Morgan is black. Imagine how the interview would have gone if a black truck driver had T-boned Ted Nugent's tour bus. Like any whore, Tucker is trained to please his clients, most of whom consider the life of a snoring Caucasian at the wheel at least a couple fifths more valuable than anyone else's. Hence his call for an "older white guy appreciation day," in knee-jerk response to the idea of the GOP as a party of privilege.

Right-wingers and their shaky sexual identities feed on slop like racism and homophobia, so Tucker's always happy to toss it into the microwave for them. Carlson, who once said he supported marriage for gays because it's a "civilizing force," has proudly admitted to some violent and wholly uncivilized gay-bashing—and joked about it. We could go on ad nauseum, but that Swanson "meal" we ate is already rampaging through our bowels.

So what have we learned? To be a successful whore, all you have to do is kill your dignity and do anything for the cash! Come on, you didn't seriously expect Carlson to teach us anything new, did you?

We now encourage you to appropriately honor him: The next time you run to the shitter after a TV dinner, rip out this page and wipe your ass with it! H

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY GHOST+COW FILMS

FIND THE FUCKERS

Brooklyn-based Ghost+Cow Films confess that Drone Boning was never intended to be jerk-off material. With its soaring ambient music and breathtaking fly-overs of scenic vistas, the first skin flick filmed entirely by drones is reminiscent of a car commercial, with fewer cars and lots more ruts. Intending to provoke thought and a few laughs about lack of privacy in the age of technology, artists Brandon LaGanke and John Carlucci learned that a hands-on directorial approach is required even if your fucking is being filmed by a flying robot. "Having to demonstrate what I meant when I asked a girl to scissor another girl was definitely awkward," admitted Carlucci. Even Gregory Dark had to start somewhere.

"Love isn't all sunsets and roses. Sometimes it's good old-fashioned stalking and surveillance." — JAROD KINTZ, AUTHOR

WHAT WOULD DAKOTA JOHNSON LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Dakota may have been born privileged, but that doesn't keep her from sucking. Sprung from the mediocre celebrity loins of Melanie Griffith and Don Johnson, the doe-eyed *Fifty Shades of Grey* star had to re-shoot several sex scenes after production wrapped because her performances were deemed more dishrag than jizz-rag. Given the film's buzz, Ms. **Johnson**'s stardom is practically guaranteed, at least for a few months. Besides, there are plenty of meaty roles available for a less-than-dramatically-talented ingenue open to 50 flavors of cum.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Dakota Johnson actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

The hearth may be unlit, but Chelsea's pussy sure fires the imagination! Thanks to B.D. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

WELL, I WAS ON MY WAY HOME WHEN THIS HORNY BITCH JUMPED OUT OF THE ALLEY, WHIPPED OUT MY DICK AND FUCKED ME UNTIL I PASSED OUT. WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS BUTT-NAKED AND SMELLING JUST LIKE PUSSY.
WINNER!

"I don't have any problem doing anything. The secret is, I have no shame." — DAKOTA JOHNSON, ACTRESS

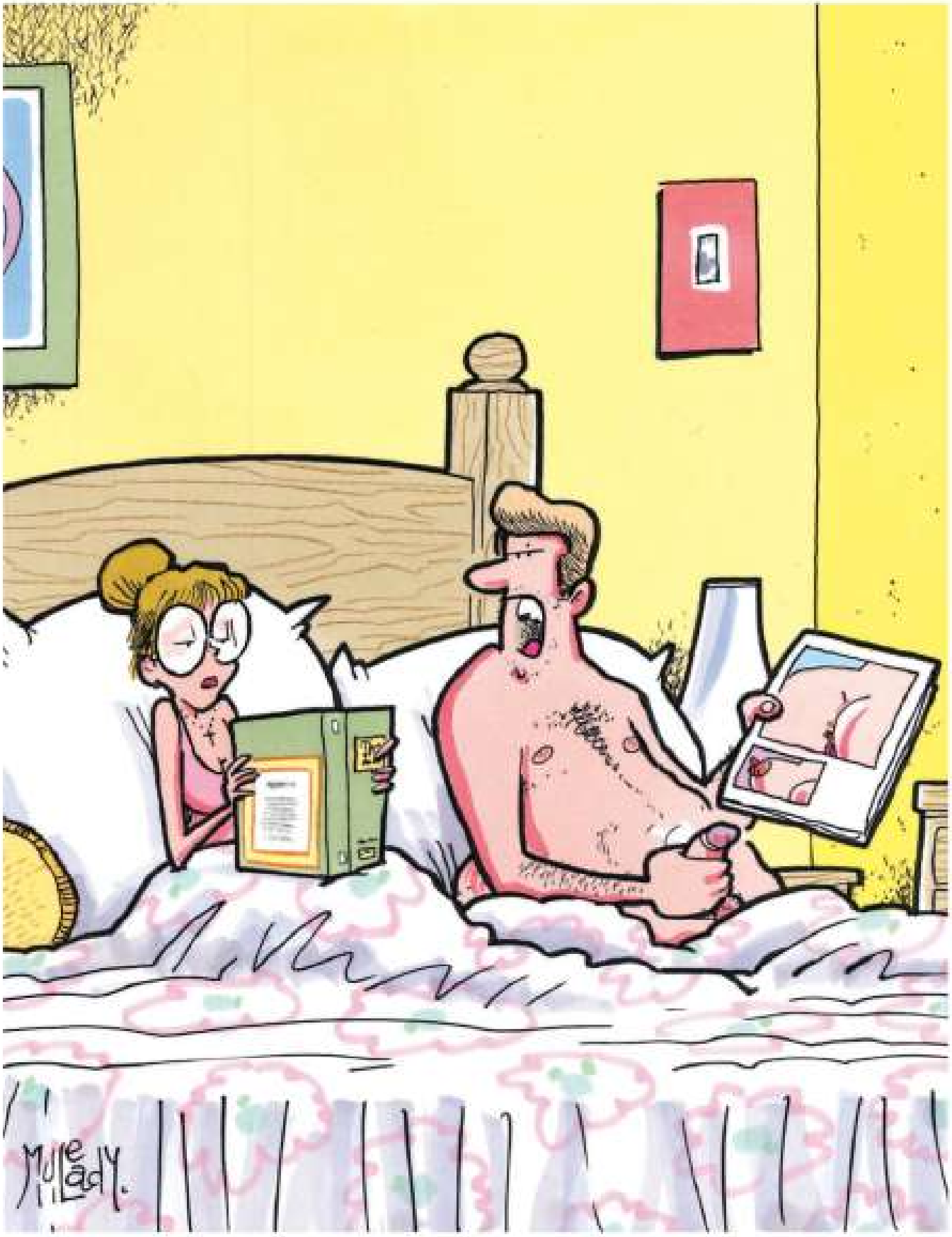
IVY LEAGUE ANAL

Harvard—privileged pit of ripe, crimson assholes. But sphincters can be so confusing. Frustrated in their efforts to master rear entry, students called on the institution to offer a class in the "exciting yet often misunderstood pleasure" that us common folk just call butt-fucking. Part of Harvard's annual sex week, What What in the Butt: Anal Sex 101 drilled young scholars on the basics (How does it work? What should you worry about? What supplies do you need?) before plunging into more penetrating topics like Hersey Highway anatomy and anal toy analysis. Harvard student Molly Wharton called the course "downright vulgar" before heading to the nearest toilet stall to squeeze out a few Hail Marys on the behalf of her anally-fixated classmates. Despite such tightass responses, event organizers are likely to retain the popular course, giving new meaning to the phrase "Park the car in Harvard Yard."

ROYAL PAIN IN THE ASS

The British are coming! Or maybe not. New regulations laid before Parliament ban all manner of fun from smut produced in Limeyland. Female ejaculation, facesitting and fisting top a list that also forbids spanking, watersports, verbal abuse, "role-playing as non-adults"—whatever the fuck that means—humiliation and whipping. Sadly, the legislation makes no mention of prohibiting sticks up the bum.

"Censorship of pornography is the first step towards government repression." —LARRY FLYNT, PUBLISHER



"You don't like oral, anal, facials, fingering, toys, bondage or dildos.
Remind me again why I married you?"

Girls! Girls! Girls!

Bailey Bae is unlike any HUSTLER model I've ever seen before [Wet]! No, really, she is quite unique, as is the cover of your February '15 issue. It reminds me of a cover HUSTLER printed decades ago. I can't remember what year. Anyway, I really dig her short hair. All your girls have long hair, and it's good to have variety. That bathtub looks so inviting! The Niki Lee Young and Staci Carr photos are also hot as fuck [*Vivarelly*]. More girl-on-girl action in your mag, please! For a while it was all solo stuff, so I'm happy you're bringing the lesbian stuff back. Gets me hard. Thanks for that!

—Curtis M.
Providence, Rhode Island

Working the Poll

Political pundits say if voter turnout is over 60%, Democrats usually win. Knowing this, it is easy to manipulate elections. Best I can tell, the Democratic Party did not try to get out the vote. Turnout was very low. I don't care about why. Who benefits? Oil companies, military contractors, oppressive, uncompassionate Christian groups. Maybe even the right-leaning Supreme Court.

It seems to me, people who make political donations could spend money more effectively. Start a politically independent organization. Its sole goal: to get out the vote. Get the vote out for midterm elections and Presidential elections. The poor and middle classes are very busy working. Get all of them to register as "vote by mail" citizens—a concerted effort to get 70% or more to vote. Then the two parties can't be manipulated by corporations. The people will own the vote.

—Jon Root
Kirkland, Washington

Chicks W/ Dicks

I have never written to HUSTLER, but I'm a big fan and subscriber. There are very few adult print magazines left that are of high quality: HUSTLER, *Playboy* and maybe *Playgirl*. I remember the days when the magazine section in a bookstore was chock-full of adult magazines. In 1984, I believe you showed a daring pictorial that I have never seen since. It showed a threesome

Get wet with February '15 coverbabe Bailey Bae.

dressed as Romans: a beautiful woman, a handsome man and a drop-dead gorgeous ladyboy. That was unbelievable in those days. I was leafing through the magazine at the bookstore when I came across the pictures. I instantly became hard. I bought the magazine hoping nobody would notice my erection. I went home, quickly went to my room and masturbated furiously. For the next few weeks I jacked off at least twice a day, always looking at those amazing pictures and fantasizing being the guy in the scenes.

Please bring back such pictorials; beautiful ladies with beautiful dicks are simply hot. Right now you only feature them in some of your ads. It's not the same. Please indulge me. Thank you so much.

—Frank Rieder
San Francisco, California

Dumb & Dumber

I saw your response in the February '15 issue ["Nice Try," *Feedback*]. Total bullshit. [Larry] called Obama *Asshole of the Month* in '06 and '07? Whoop-de-fucking-do. He wasn't President, and most people then didn't even know who the fuck he was. He deserves being *Asshole* for his fucked-up Presidency. Nice try, assholes. You fuckin' liberals are all a bunch of con artists. Sorry I'm not some low-information jackass, like most of the Democratic Party supporters and HUSTLER's dumbfuck readers.

—Brad Talctem
Mankato, Minnesota

No Guts No Glory

The People vs. Larry Flynt is one of my favorite movies. Thank you for sticking up for our rights and our freedom. I think that was probably the most important Supreme Court decision made in my lifetime. We need a lot more guys with guts in this country. Or maybe we need to figure out a way to get enough money to make a difference to the guys who have guts?

—Greg Gottsacker
Minneapolis, Minnesota

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of strange letters. Here's one of our favorites.

I have a next-door neighbor that shits in a bucket and then "dumps it" in the toilet. We all share bathrooms here, and apparently she can't sit on a toilet. She cleans up after herself to cover it up, but I happened to smell the scent over in the hallway one day. Wow! We've all done piss in the bottle when the bathroom was occupied and you couldn't wait. Sorry! Bums are the only ones who do that, and almost everyone has taken a piss outdoors too! But waste? And carrying it in a bucket in a house? I was wondering what I kept smelling in the hall all of the time. Now I know.

—Bryan Bailey Greubheim
Long Beach, California

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLERMAIL@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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JILLIAN JANSON

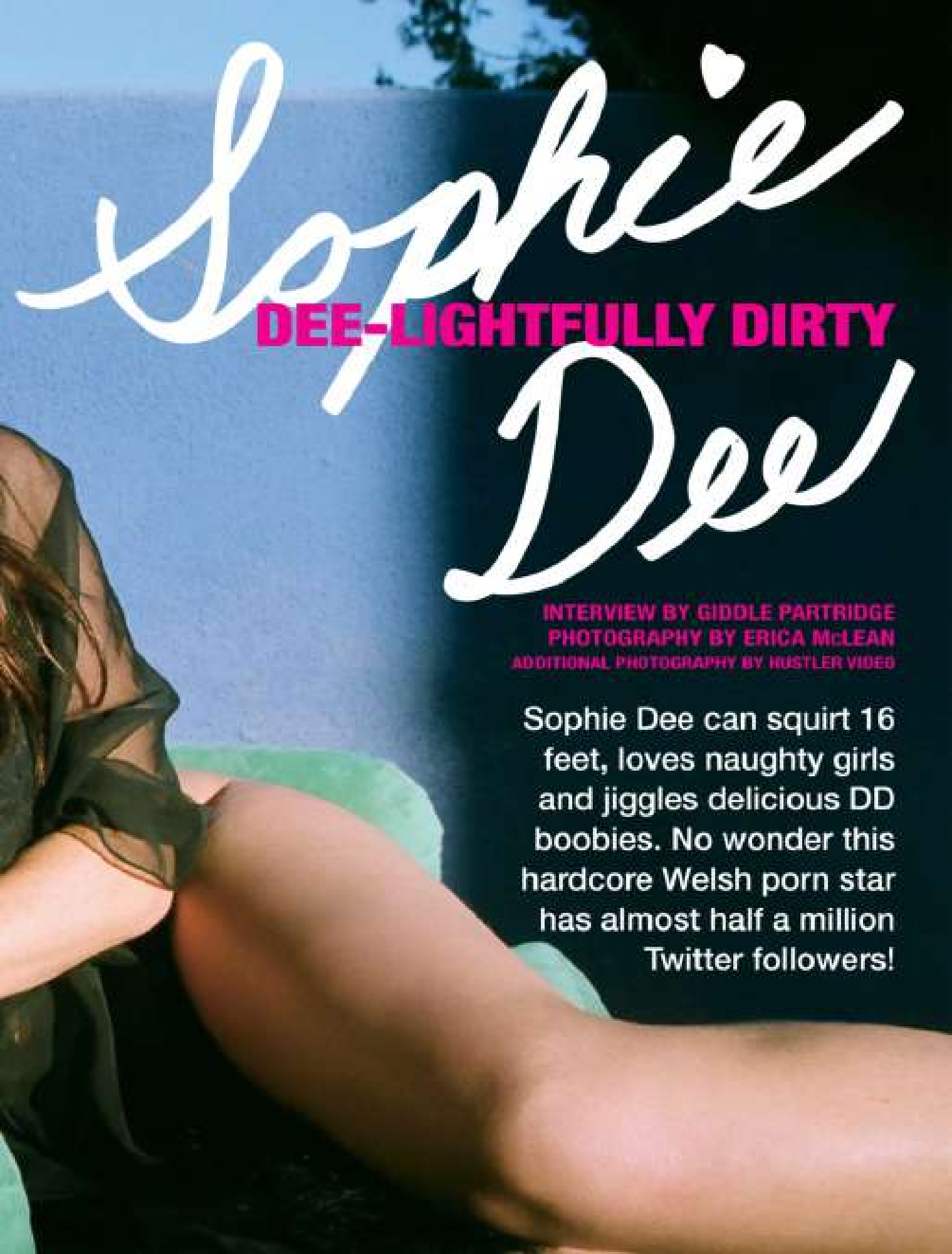
BOUND TO PLEASE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LEE FORBES

I remember, all the metal overwhelmed me at this shoot when I first saw it laid across the table. It was even more astonishing when they restrained my hands with metal cuffs and stuffed my fragile little holes with glass toys! I definitely enjoyed it. I'm usually the sweet submissive because I love being a good girl and pleasuring my partner exactly as he desires. I'm determined to test my sexual limits."

JILLIAN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Minneapolis, Minnesota** | AGE: **19** | HEIGHT: **5-7**
MEASUREMENTS: **32C-28-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **I like variety**
TWITTER/INSTAGRAM: **@xoJillianJanson**



Sophie Dee

DEE-LIGHTFULLY DIRTY

INTERVIEW BY GIDDLE PARTRIDGE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERICA McLEAN
ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY HUSTLER VIDEO

Sophie Dee can squirt 16 feet, loves naughty girls and jiggles delicious DD boobies. No wonder this hardcore Welsh porn star has almost half a million Twitter followers!

HUSTLER: Everyone has a secret erotic fantasy. What's your wildest fantasy? One that you have yet to fulfill?

SOPHIE DEE: I want a threesome with two guys off camera just for my own pleasure. I just want them fucking the shit out of me, anal, whatever.

You haven't done that?

Off camera, no.

So now, at the ripe age of 30, you're going to go mainstream?

I'm never going to forget where I came from. People are always saying, "Wow, you're gonna quit porn?" No. I only do mainstream because I do porn. Like, I'm never going to forget that. I'm getting these roles because they know me as Sophie Dee. Plus, I still model. I'm still doing magazine shoots, and I'm still updating my website.

In fact, you just did a webcam today, right?

It was a lazy webcam. They got to watch me shower, drink coffee and pick out wardrobe for today's shoot.

How many viewers?

I had 48 today. Not too bad.

Forty-eight guys watched you drink coffee. How much did they pay?

You have to join my website [SophieDeeLive.com], so it's like 29 bucks a month. But you actually get to watch 40 other girls webcam live solo shows every week.

You shot porn for nine years. In that time have you ever refused to perform with another actor?

Yeah. Probably because of their odor or something or if they've been high or if they have something sexually transmitted. I will be inspecting your dick before I fuck it. If I see something weird that's not supposed to be there, then I'm going to cancel the shoot.

Have you ever turned down any girls?

Yes, I have. Just one. I went down to lick her pussy, and I personally saw that her boyfriend had come inside her before the shoot.

How does your family feel about your career?

They wish I did other stuff, but I grew up very poor, so for them, as long as I'm making money, they're happy. We didn't really have money growing up, or great schooling, or anything where I'm going to become a doctor. I hated where I lived, and my favorite movie was *Pretty Woman*. My parents actually got a note to come to school because for career choice day they asked me what I wanted to be, and I said, "A prostitute like in *Pretty Woman*."

Sounds like a parent's worst nightmare. How old were you?

A teenager. I was like, *Wow, this chick has so much money! She looks hot, and she has great clothes.*

What do your admirers tell you? Why do you think they like you more than other porn starlets?

Everyone says, "You're so humble," because I come from a small town that's only a mile long. I guess I'm the little sweet girl who always gets fucked over. And fucked—in both holes.

Are you notorious in the village?

Well, it's like when you're famous, they want to hit you up on Facebook, but then you go to the village, and they're like "Fucking slut" or "Fucking whore." It's like, come on. I mean my parents have to live in the village.

Why do you think people do that?

I used to start off go-go dancing, and I always knew I did not belong in my tiny little village, and I would catch the bus all the way to Bristol or London, and I'd just be go-go dancing in a fucking >>

“[TEACHERS] ASKED ME WHAT I WANTED TO BE, AND I SAID, ‘A PROSTITUTE LIKE IN *PRETTY WOMAN*.’”

"I ELECTROCUTE YOU AND TORTURE YOU AT THE SAME TIME, AND I FIND IT AMUSING AND AWESOME."

bra and panties or in fucking army pants. On the bus people would yell out "Whore" just 'cause I'm different. I always knew that I did not belong.

Is it true that you have a website where you do film reviews?

Yeah. ToplessMovieReviews.com. We review mainstream movies topless.

You've been in some horror films—like *Theatre of the Deranged* and *Unnimely Demise*. What's the favorite movie you've ever been in?

Haunted House 2.

What do you play?

Just Sophie Dee, with my titties out as usual. I actually snort fake coke off the professor's chest and suck his dick, you know, Sophie Dee-style.

What is your character like in your film *Sadistic Eroticism Zone*?

I play Miss Lizz, a teacher. I seduce my student and force him to have sex with me, and then I kill him.

What about *Alien Babes in Heat*?

I just play a hot girl in that one. I'm making out with a chick, and all of a sudden there's an alien.

What's the most exciting mainstream film that you've done?

The Hungover Games was the funniest!

And what was your role?

Topless girl. That's what I'm credited as. And I'm a mute. I shot one called *Criminal*. I play a waitress in that one. And then there's one called *Bad Asses* with Danny Trejo and Danny Glover, where Danny Trejo actually comes in and kills me.

Is this really your official quote: "Lips, tits, pussy or ass. Stick it where you want it"?

I don't know where that came from.

Often the Internet isn't the most reliable source, but I did see it on your website.

Sounds good though.

So what would your slogan be if you could rephrase it?

I kind of like that one actually.

Do you like to be dominated?

It's weird. If I'm not into the guy, I can fuck him up, because I actually work as a mistress. I electrocute you and torture you at the same time, and I find it amusing and awesome. But if I'm in love with somebody, I just can't do it. They have to dominate me.

What's your advice to girls who are getting into the adult film industry or even the mainstream film industry?

I feel like they should always think twice. Your family, everyone knows you do it, so unless you're fine with that, don't do it.

Do women turn you on more, or would you rather have male penetration?

Women lick pussy better than men. Women know how it feels, so they know what to do. >>

What do men do differently?
I think they have to analyze it and think about it and just try and figure it out, but women, they just know what's what. They have a pussy, so they know.

Do you prefer giving or receiving?
I actually prefer going down on people, 'cause I, like, get really nervous if I'm going to be coming and stuff.

You're known for being an expert at squirting. The first time you ever squirted, how did that happen? Was it an accident, or…
Sindee Jennings and me were teaching each other. She was teaching me how to squirt, and I was teaching her how to do anal. Unfortunately it was in a living room and the kitchen, and squirt just went everywhere!

How far have you squirted?
At least 16 feet.

Sounds like you may have broken a world record with distance there. Did anyone get sprayed with your magic juice or catch it with their mouth?
A lot of directors. I like to get the directors.

Will you tell the readers of HUSTLER the secret of how to squirt?
It's a trick.

And what is that trick?
Unfortunately I can't tell you. I'd have to kill you with my squirt juice.

> "SHE WAS TEACHING ME HOW TO SQUIRT, AND I WAS TEACHING HER HOW TO DO ANAL. UNFORTUNATELY IT WAS IN A LIVING ROOM AND THE KITCHEN, AND SQUIRT JUST WENT EVERYWHERE!"

How old were you when you lost your virginity?
Like 15, 16. The sex was so fast—we probably had sex like 20 times a day. I don't even know if I enjoyed it or if it was just like, "Oh, it's sex."

How did you learn how to do anal?
It was for Seymore Butts, and it was a disaster. My husband at the time got me this inflatable butt plug and was like, "Okay, Sophie, you put this in your butt." I was so excited about this new toy. I was like, *Cool, I'm going to learn how to do anal.* So I put it in my butt, and I was like, *Wow.* It was a pump thing, so you pump it up. I just pumped it so big that I was like, *Wow, this has got to be huge!* I'm so dumb, I was like, *I don't know how big it is.* So instead of thinking, like a smart person would, I was like, *Well, let me pull it out and see how big it is.* Man, bad idea. I pulled the whole thing out, and blood was everywhere. No poo, just blood.

Nowadays are you worried about damage to the asshole? Like girls who have to wear tampons in their butt because they have no control over their bowels?
I don't do it enough. I make sure I raise my anal rate pretty high.

So do you enjoy anal, or is it just acting for the cameras? Is it erotic?
It can be, if it's with the right person. If you really hate the person or if you're not satisfied, it sucks.

When you're on set, are there times when you want to just turn around and punch the actor you're doing a scene with?
I've done that! If I tell you to not stick your fingers in my ass, it's because I don't want you to stick your fingers in my ass!

What kind of girls do you like?
I like dirty girls.

And what exactly makes a dirty girl?
Anyone who, when I'm squirting, goes down there and drinks the squirt without my asking them. Julie Knight is willing to do anything. Puma Swede, I fisted her whole asshole. I love Puma—she's so sweet. She's awesome. I just like dirty girls. I get very nervous. I'm a very shy person, so when I'm with a girl who really likes girls and just wants to make out with me, I start giggling. I'd rather a girl be like, "Do you want to fuck my asshole or squirt on me?" I'm like, "Yes!" And I ease up that way.

Does it turn you on knowing that people are turned on by you internationally?
It's weird, but it is cool.

What is the strangest fan experience you've ever had?
I think it's weird when people just come up and grope me. They come up and grab my titties, and it's like, "Really?"

When was the first time you saw pornography?
Probably when I was coming out to actually do porn. I don't think I had even seen any before that. The director put it on, and it was two performers climbing through a window and fucking a chick on a pool table, and that was the first porno I saw, ever.

After watching that, were you having any second thoughts?
Well, the chick was doing anal, and he said, "You European girls have to do anal." Since I'm from Wales in the United Kingdom, I went out thinking, *I'm gonna have to stick two dicks in my ass?*

But you were ready to do it anyway?
I was! Fuck it, let's just do it. I wasn't timid or anything.

What was your first lesbian experience?
I was maybe 13 years old. Me and my brother had this neighbor that had a boy and a girl. We ended up drinking lots of alcohol and getting wasted. I think we were just kind of like making out. We didn't end up doing anything that drastic, but it was definitely girl-on-girl.

In the future, do you think you'll have regrets?
Coming from absolutely nothing, I know that I'll have no >>

regrets. Because when I look at where I could have been, it could have been a lot worse. I could have been on drugs. I come from a village that's a mile long with shallow-minded people that do the same fucking job, that have five kids. And when I was growing up as a teenager living at home, I was already running around wild like, stealing lead off school roofs just to make money and stuff. So I think I did the best that I could for what I had. I think this is awesome. I have my money saved for when I get older. My car's paid off. It could have been this, or it could have been me with five kids, on drugs or running around like a fucking lunatic. Or dead. Maybe people don't like that, but I took my initiative to make the best that I had. The only reason I ever started was because people doubted me. I had an ex-boyfriend who said, "You're never going to do this. You're too ugly for this shit." I was like, "Fuck you, bitch!" I submitted myself the next day.

Want to say something nasty and naughty to your fans and the readers of HUSTLER?

Thanks for watching me and jerking your dick and giving me all your cum over the years. I'm your little cum slut, and I love it! H

Follow Sophie religiously at ***SophieDeeLive.com****, on Twitter @SophieDee or visit* ***ToplessMovieReviews.com****.*

"If you want to work at Hobby Haven, you have to abide by my religious beliefs."

JESSA RHODES

ALL IN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

Honestly, I'm just down to fuck. I was always the first girl, when we went down to the river, to take my top off and jump in the water. There was no big transition for me, making porn—it's fun. I just walked right in and owned it. I never have to worry about not getting laid. A good mix of choking and hair pulling gets my pussy nice and wet. Not total aggression, more passion. I like the bad boy who is going to be good for only me."

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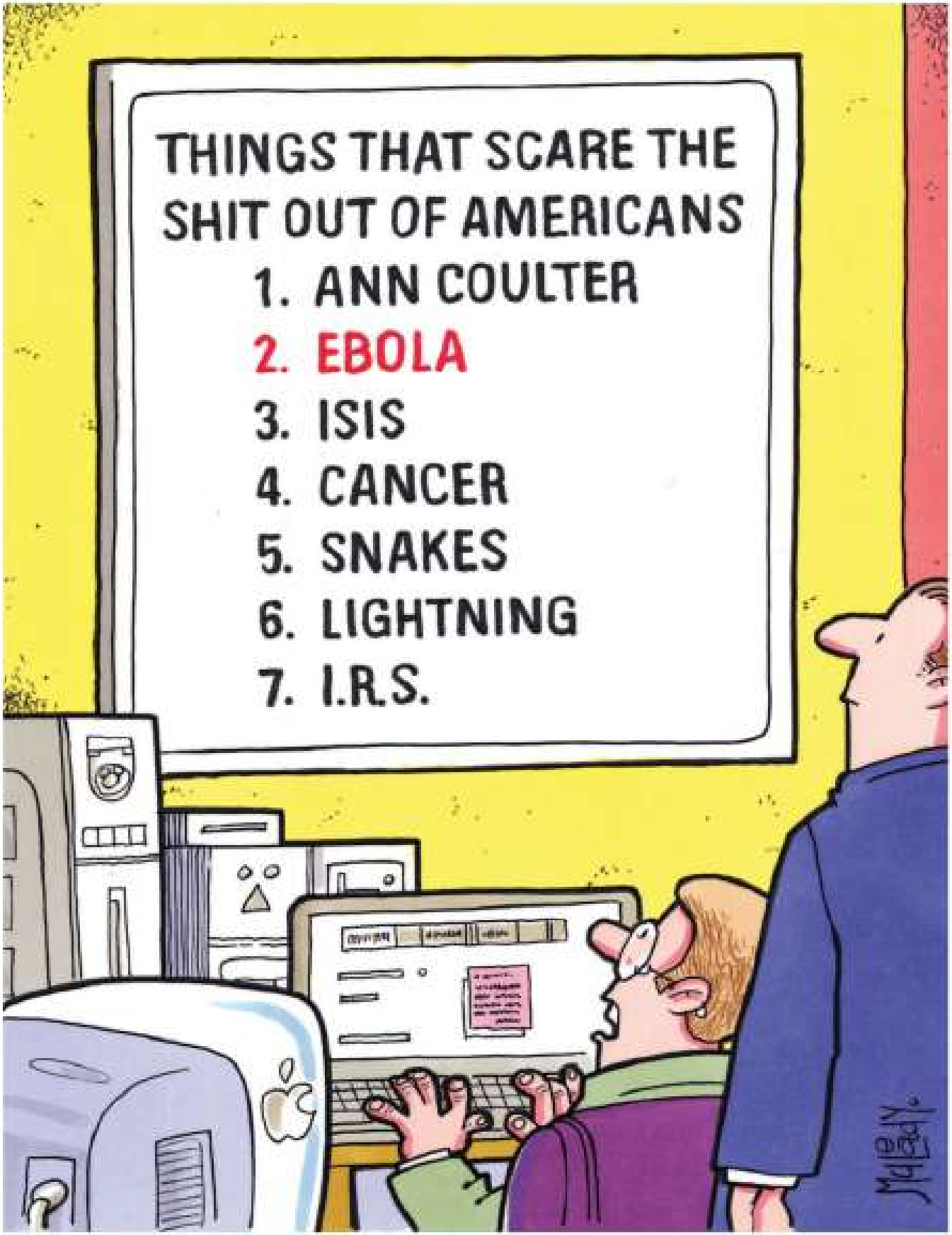

"Ebola just moved up to the number two position of things that scare the shit out of Americans, right below Ann Coulter."

JADE
NILE
CATCH ME QUICK
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I have quick fingers and a quick tongue, and I want to run superfast so I can do everything and go everywhere. The world is a big playground. Working in porn lets me play in so many strange, awesome scenarios. One day I'm splatter-painting a hotel bathroom with my body, the next I'm pretending to rob a convenience store and fucking the clerk, and then I'm running naked with a unicorn. I've gotten to play out a lot of my fantasies, fucking in weird places like Disney World, libraries, movie theaters and public beaches. So far my favorite sexual experience happened with two great guy friends of mine. I'll never forget rocking between their cocks, one in my mouth and one in my pussy. They shared me perfectly."

JADE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Everywhere, Arizona** | AGE: **22**
HEIGHT: **5-5** | MEASUREMENTS: **34C-26-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Legs behind my head**
TWITTER: **@Jade_Nile**
INSTAGRAM: **@JadeNile420**

MINDY

LITTLE MISS PERV

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JOHN EMSLIE

I like guys with large brains and large dicks, and I like them pervy. One boyfriend loved coming on my feet. I joked about it with a friend of his, who admitted that he liked it too. That night I got them both to jerk off on my feet. It was awesome! Wish I had taken pictures." The baby-faced video game designer says she's a happy girl who enjoys a good spanking when she isn't watching *Lowe* reruns. "Being powerless can feel great. Not like a night with Bill Cosby—I want to be willing. There are certain spots a guy hits when I'm getting it from behind that are just right. I close my eyes and enjoy the sensations."

MINDY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Sedona, Arizona**
AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-4**
MEASUREMENTS: **36C-25-32**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER/INSTAGRAM: **@GirlsofTym**

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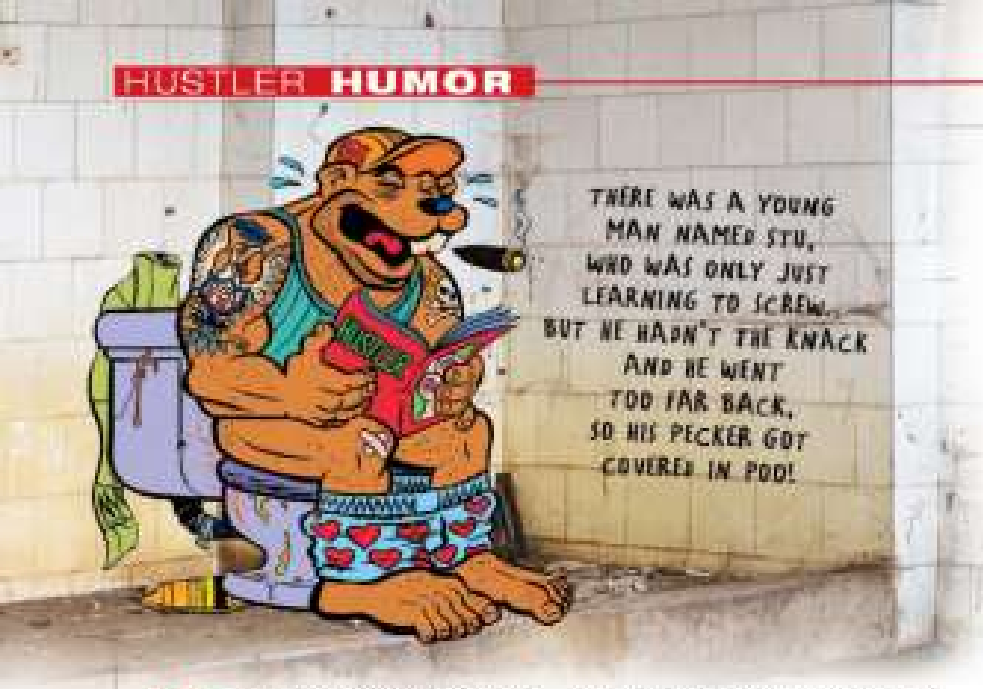

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN NAMED STU, WHO WAS ONLY JUST LEARNING TO SCREW, BUT HE HADN'T THE KNACK AND HE WENT TOO FAR BACK, SO HIS PECKER GOT COVERED IN POO!

A homeless man strode into a bank and told the teller, "I want to open a goddamn checking account."

"Excuse me?" asked the woman.

"I said I want to open a motherfucking checking account!"

"I'm sorry, sir, but we do not tolerate that kind of language in this bank."

"I'm not leaving without a fucking checking account."

Shaking her head in disapproval, the woman signaled to the bank manager.

"What seems to be the problem?" asked the manager.

"There's no problem," said the bum. "I just won 100 million bucks in the lottery, and I want to open a checking account in this goddamn bank!"

"I see," said the manager. "And this fucking bitch is giving you a hard time?"

Question: What's the worst thing about the rising unemployment rate?

Answer: It's hard to fuck your girlfriend when her husband's always home.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLERHUMOR@aol.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

After 15 long years, Ted finally escaped from prison and broke into a house looking for money and guns. Finding a young couple asleep, he forced the man out of bed and tied him to a chair. Then he secured the woman's arms to the bedposts, climbed on top of her and began nuzzling her neck and ears as her boyfriend watched in terror. After a minute the prisoner got up and went to the bathroom.

"Sweetie, I know you must feel sick letting that man kiss you like that, but look at his clothes!" whispered the boyfriend. "He's an escaped convict! He could be a cold-blooded killer, so do whatever he tells you. If he wants sex, satisfy him no matter how much he nauseates you. If you resist, he might go nuts and murder us both! Be strong. I love you."

"He wasn't kissing me," explained his girlfriend. "He was whispering in my ear. He told me he's gay and thinks you're cute. He asked if we had any Vaseline. I told him it was in the bathroom. Be strong, honey. I love you too."

Question: Why do divorces cost so damn much?

Answer: Because they're worth it.

Harry and Fred were called to the morgue to identify their buddy Joe's body. When the mortician pulled back the sheet, Harry and Fred struggled to recognize Joe's charred, disfigured remains.

"Hard to say. He's pretty well burnt up," winced Harry.

"Can you turn him over?" asked Fred.

So the mortician rolled the corpse over.

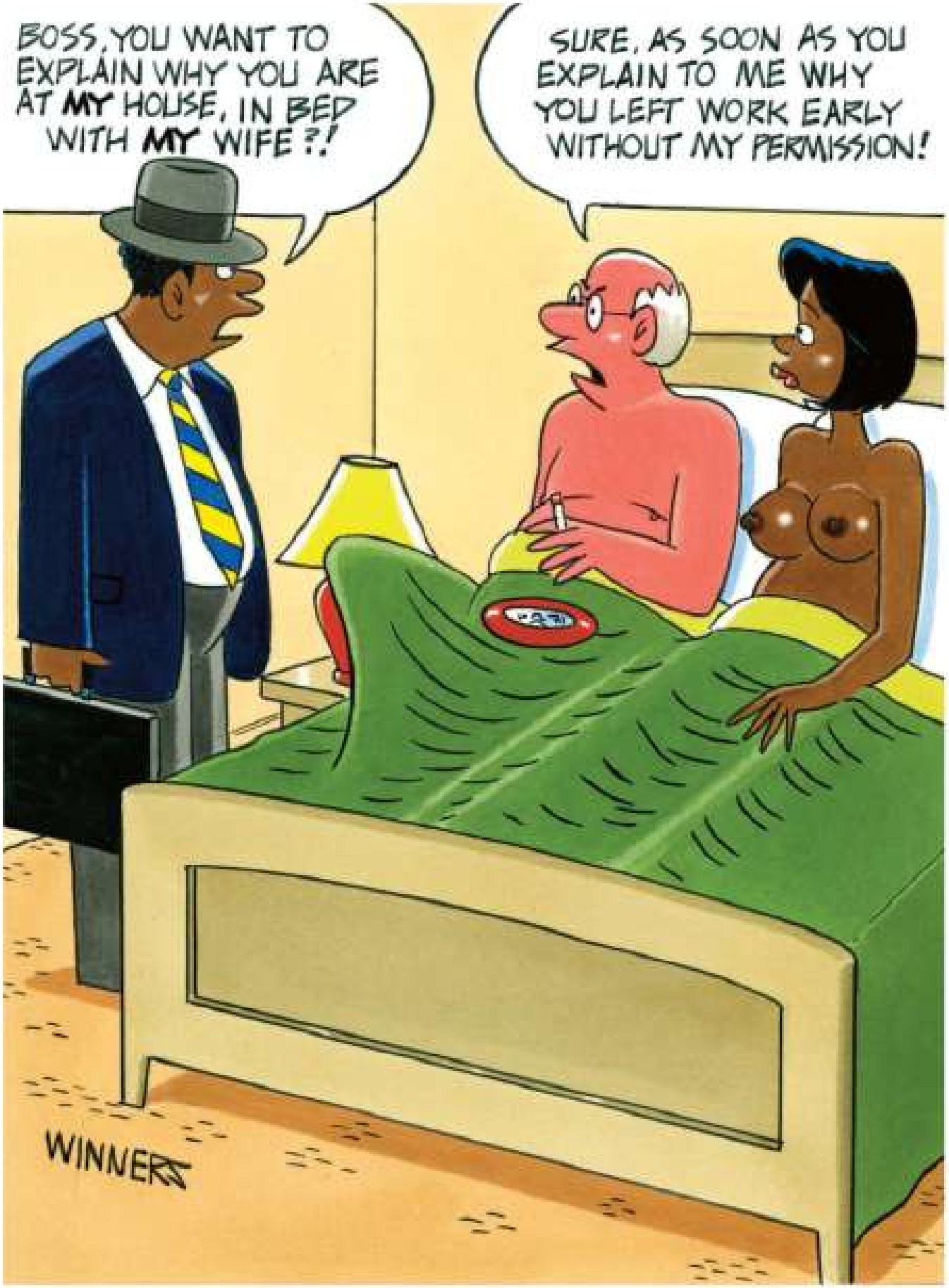
"That's not Joe," said Harry confidently. "Our Joe had *two* assholes."

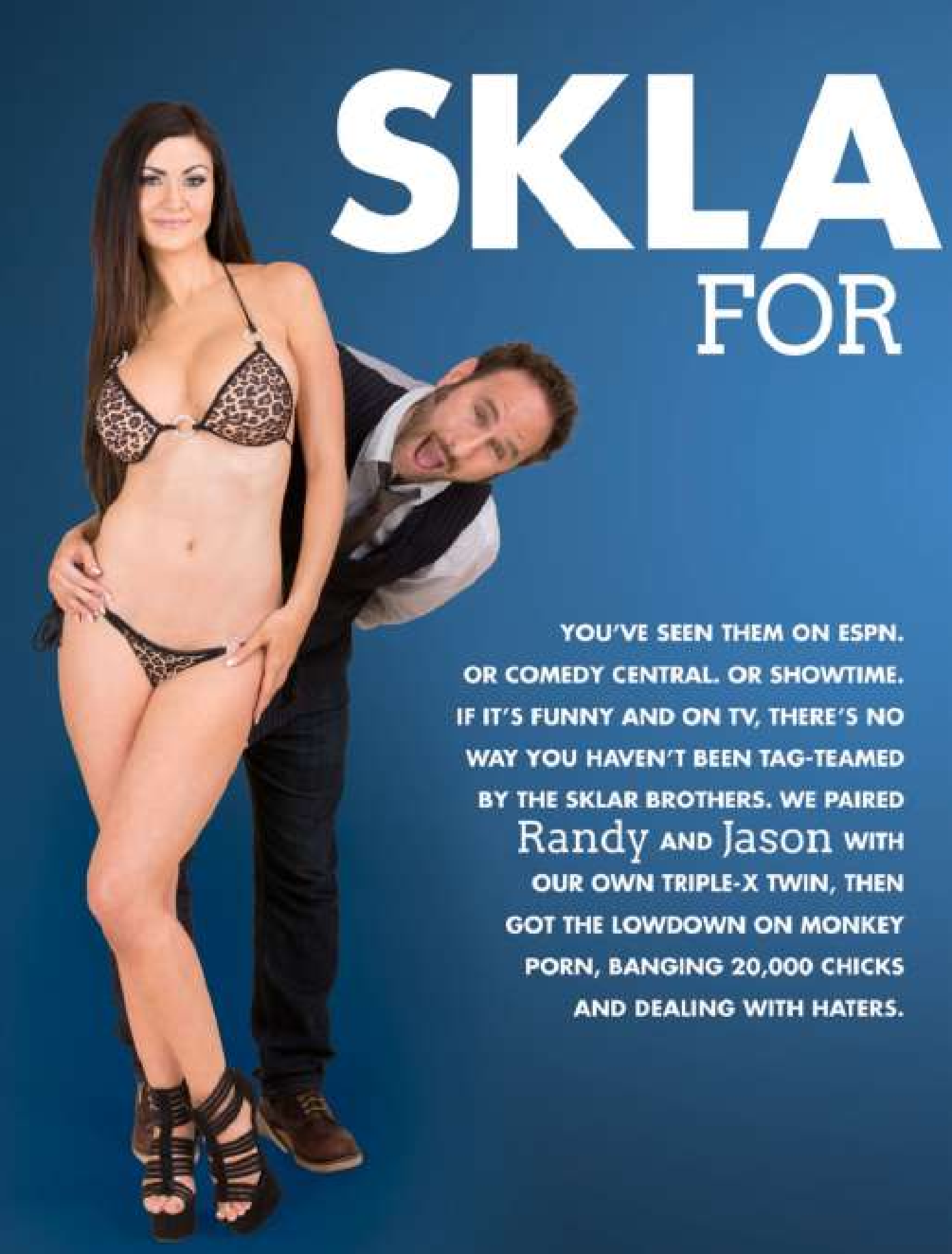
"What! Two assholes?" marveled the mortician. "Are you sure?"

"Positive," said Fred. "He ain't never let us see 'em, but wherever we went, people always said, 'There goes Joe with those two assholes.'"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *religious war* as a violent disagreement over who has the better imaginary friend.

"Too bad bitching doesn't burn calories. You'd be skinny as hell!"


BOSS, YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN WHY YOU ARE AT MY HOUSE, IN BED WITH MY WIFE?!
SURE, AS SOON AS YOU EXPLAIN TO ME WHY YOU LEFT WORK EARLY WITHOUT MY PERMISSION!
WINNERS


SKLA
FOR
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OR COMEDY CENTRAL. OR SHOWTIME.
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WAY YOU HAVEN'T BEEN TAG-TEAMED
BY THE SKLAR BROTHERS. WE PAIRED
Randy AND Jason WITH
OUR OWN TRIPLE-X TWIN, THEN
GOT THE LOWDOWN ON MONKEY
PORN, BANGING 20,000 CHICKS
AND DEALING WITH HATERS.

RRED LIFE

Interview by Lee Keeler

Photography by Wilferd Guenthoer

Eye Candy Courtesy Kendall Karson

HUSTLER: What do you think the haters are going to say when they find out you're appearing in HUSTLER?

JASON SKLAR: They'll probably hate on HUSTLER for putting us in. You know, they'll have their say. To be honest, you don't want everyone to love you. That's actually the dirty little secret that you have to come to embrace. You try to construct stuff from within what negative stuff is coming back to you. Like if the same thing keeps coming up—

RANDY SKLAR: A shit sandwich also has bread in it. Parts of it you can eat, and parts of it you just consume.

JASON: I think they'll be mad at HUSTLER. No one wants to be jerking off and then flip to a page of us.

RANDY: Two Jews.

JASON: Y'know, like, finishing off on a page of us, you don't want that! You don't want it! And for the guy who is still jerking off to a magazine, God bless you.

RANDY: God bless your old-school ass.

JASON: God bless your analog jerking-off ass.

If there was a third Sklar Brother, who would it be?

JASON: It'd be Cooper Manning. My celebrity twin who looks closer to me, I'd say, is David Wain. Just incredibly talented, the director of *They Came Together* and *Wet Hot American Summer*. And Randy's celebrity is Mark Feuerstein. Nice guy.

You guys once called the Kardashians "America's herpes," saying that you would like to warn Europe about having them and hope that they don't get them.

JASON: They are like herpes in the sense that they just sorta sprung up. Then we had to deal with them.

> "[OWING] $375,000 TO A STRIP CLUB. THAT'S LIKE 12 BUD LIGHTS IN A STRIP CLUB."

RANDY: And they keep coming back!
JASON: They keep coming back.
RANDY: You think they're dead or dormant—
BOTH: And they KEEP. COMING. BACK.

If you guys were in charge of any project for HUSTLER, what would you do?

RANDY: I would like to redo the *Most Valuable Primate* series, but it would be kind of like—
JASON: —*monkey* porn. It's monkey porn. Straight-up monkey porn.
RANDY: It's essentially this: A monkey gets put on a porn set in the same way that in *Most Valuable Primate* he's playing hockey and can shoot a puck through the back of the net. When he's having sex with a woman, he literally shoots his jizz out her ass.

Did you ever have a period when you were starting out where you would deal with more sexual humor?

JASON: Not really. We try to come at it from the point of where we're at right now. For example, there was a football player who basically owed a strip club $375,000 in unpaid lap dances.
RANDY: $375,000 to a strip club! That's like 12 Bud Lights in a strip club.
JASON: We're thinking, y'know, *someone* should've spoken up.
RANDY: Yeah, at $200,000, even the little guy out front who's giving out flyers should be like, "Hey, man, you wanna pay for that buffet?"
JASON: It gets us thinking, "When was the last time we were in a strip club?" It's been awhile. Because we have families and whatever. So it got us thinking about—
RANDY: —strip clubs are like smart phones. Technology is just increasing inside of strip clubs, and we might not even recognize what the inside of a strip club looks like anymore.
JASON: Like can you get a better seat on OpenTable.com now? Can you get closer to the pole?
RANDY: Free Wi-Fi in the champagne room? I assume that every stripper has surgically implanted the Square in her vagina.
JASON: That's right. No cash.
RANDY: You just swipe it right on through.
JASON: She just demagnetized my Diners Club card.
RANDY: "Do you want my labia to email you your receipt?"
JASON: No, I don't want your labia to email me my receipt.
RANDY: I don't want a trail of this.
JASON: But I will give you a 15% tip. Do I tap this button?
RANDY: Do I tap that ass? >>

“FUCK YOU!

GO FOR IT. ALL THE

HYPE WHERE PEOPLE

ARE TALKING SHIT

ABOUT EACH OTHER,

THAT IS WHAT IS

FUN ABOUT SPORTS.”

You guys have been in ads for Time Warner. Does anybody ever bust your chops about being sellouts?

RANDY: Of course. You get that criticism.

JASON: To those people I say, let me show you my kid's preschool bill. And you can pay it for me. The reality is that we are only in this business for so long. We have a shelf life. If someone's gonna come to you and offer you an opportunity to make some money—for your family, to save money, to put it away, to support yourself, to do the things that you want to do—who cares?

RANDY: I think we would have a difficult time doing, like, a series of ads for Halliburton.

You guys have carved a particular audience in terms of sports and comedy. Have you experienced any backlash from sports fans with your humor?

RANDY: Sometimes people get real touchy. But you wouldn't be mad about it if there wasn't a threat. You wouldn't be making fun of it if the opposing team didn't piss you off because they were so good.

JASON: There was a Michigan recruit this year, a quarterback for 2015. He went down to the Columbus camp, and he tweeted, "This isn't the last time I'm gonna be leaving Columbus with a smile on my face. Go Blue." All right, not even the worst thing in the world. This guy got such a rain of hate on Twitter from Buckeye fans, and why isn't he allowed to say that?! Fuck, you! Go for it. And say it. All the shit that led up to every Muhammad Ali fight, all that stuff that comes from Floyd Mayweather 24/7, all the hype where people are talking shit about each other, *that* is what is fun about sports.

RANDY: I will say this, we wouldn't have a job if people didn't take it too seriously.

It's been said more people are getting their news from Colbert than from regular news. Would you guys be comfortable with someday becoming "the guys" in terms of the sports-comedy world?

JASON: I mean, there are so many incredible outlets that update you and have their own unique take. And they do it for the culturally literate sports fan. Take a look at Grantland. Right there, I feel like there's a version of that that maybe we're heading towards. Whether it be us doing a show that deals with regular updates—there are five, seven, ten or more stories in the sports world a week that present themselves. Or it could just be to have a regular discussion on the fact that there's a fucking 11-year-old girl in the LPGA [Ladies Professional Golf Association].

RANDY: She made it into the U.S. Open. She hasn't even gotten her first fucking period yet.

JASON: She could get tits between, like, hole 9 and hole 10! Y'know? And this poor girl is going through that. Eleven is the kind of age where you could be doing really well and then see a boy that you like and then purposefully tank it because you don't want him to know that you're so good at something. It'll be intimidating to him.

RANDY: It goes into a much bigger discussion, which is, if I'm a female athlete, I'd be pissed as shit that this girl is here. Basically, you'd never see an 11-year-old boy in the NBA. Never. I don't care if the kid is seven feet tall.

Have you guys ever been censored with your work?

JASON: Yeah. When we were on ESPN Classic doing *Cheap Seats*, they wouldn't let us say the word *sucks*. Which sucked, by the way. We couldn't even say that *fucking* word!

You guys are connected to the sports community in a big way. Is there one particular sketchy sports icon for you, sex-wise?

RANDY: Wilt Chamberlain is. I want to know—

JASON: Well, someone said there's a chance that the Wilt stuff was a lie, that he was actually gay. And the bigger the story about the number of women, the more it points to a cover-up of his true sexuality.

RANDY: Which would be insane.

JASON: That would be insane. If he did bang 20,000 chicks, you'd have to say he did no other off-the-court training. I don't think he would need to. "What kind of exercise regimen are you in?" "Eh, I'm in and out of a few things," and that's all you gotta say. "I'm a power bottom this month."

Have you ever had some kind of wasted fan try to lure you guys into a threesome?

BOTH: No.

JASON: We can't even touch each other! Fortunately nobody has asked us to do that.

RANDY: Yeah, no.

JASON: "Let's all do this" is not something we've ever heard before. I imagine someone's heard that. I only hear that when we're trying to get a car out of the snow.

"Sorry, honey, it was an emergency. I needed a blowjob and your sister was the first responder."

"I agree with my God-fearing conservative constituents, who believe that gay marriage is sinful and wrong—although the thought of two naked chicks getting it on does give me a boner!"

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Sure it's fun to pound a twiggy chick and slam that skeleton until your pelvis is black and blue, but sometimes you just want more cushion for the pushin'! This BL bushel basket of freshly plucked fruit is made to order, with a juicy lineup of four perfectly upholstered butts. Tatted tarts Jamie Jackson and Aimee Black warm up the disc nicely, with Aimee's little crab apple ass so sweet, it's a wonder it ain't covered with bite marks. But save your pop shot, if you can, for choco-cutie Chanell Heart, who maxes up the gluteus with a plump, wide-angle booty that looks like it was made for the camera. White-meat finale fuck Charlyse Angel and her alabaster ass offer a generous connoisseur's contrast to Chanell, rounding out this stroker's honey pot with loads of cheerleader charm. No, this isn't an anal flick, but as we always say: Who needs the same-old, same-old sodomy when I got a fresh little apple bottom right in front of me? Order *Barely Legal Apple Bottoms* now by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7875 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—Mark Johnson

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AALIYAH LOVE
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GIRLS LOVE GIRLS 2

SUNLUST PICTURES/VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: SUNNY LEONE. STARRING: JESSICA BANGKOK, ALYSSA REECE, ASHLEY JANE, CHARLIE LAINE, MASON MOORE, ZOE BRITTON, AALIYAH LOVE, CHARITY BANGS, CHARMANE STAR & KITA ZEN.

Let's be honest, girls are vicious when it comes to other girls. But according to this movie, it's nothing but unicorns and rainbows when the panties come off! This sequel to a movie we're kind of sad we missed makes its case hard by pairing off ten harmonious hotties. With names like Jessica Bangkok, Charlie Laine and Mason Moore bringing the star power, the latest vulvafest from the studio of dream diva Sunny Leone makes commendable use of your basic dick-free toolbox: fingers, tongues, candy-colored dildos, clit-tickling vibrators and that all-important factor in girl-girl arousal: great hair. This slick vision of utopia may not be the most original float in the skin parade, but it's still more strokable than hearing your girlfriend scream over and over that, no, she will not suck her sister's clit and let you watch! Makes you wonder: Where's the love?

—M.J.

CHARITY BANGS
& AALIYAH LOVE

CHARMANE STAR
& KITA ZEN

ALYSSA REECE
& JESSICA BANGKOK

MY STRIPPER STEP MOM

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: BIBI NOEL, CASSANDRA CRUZ, CAMERON DEE, CHLOE CHAOS, NATASHA STARR, DANE CROSS, RICHIE CALHOUN, ERIC MASTERSON, ANTHONY ROSANO & GAVIN KANE.

When your dad dumps your mom for his favorite dollar vacuum and she ends up sucking your dick because she's a slut by nature, life is good. The trashy tease ladies in this pole party—all apparently allergic to anything other than lingerie and dick—are more than willing to break the stripper's code and give it up for free. You'll recognize some of the busty beauties from their classic HUSTLER layouts, before porn's powerful aging process sent them to MILFdom. In our eyes, Mom never looked more fuckable! We don't want to play favorites, but we will anyway: Cameron Dee can wet-nurse us all she wants, and it's positively heartwarming the way Natasha Starr flinches every time a hot spurt hits her face. To order *My Stripper Step Mom*, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. ***—M.J.***

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"People in positions of trust, authority figures, that's a thing for me. I used to be so scared of cops. Like if I got pulled over, I would be shaking and crying. Now, as soon as I see those blue lights coming, I'm like 'Hell, yeah!' When they get to the window, they're always surprised that I'm smiling and putting on my lip gloss. I'm an easy ticket."

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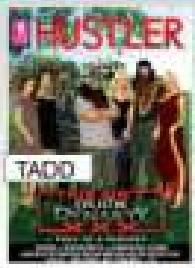
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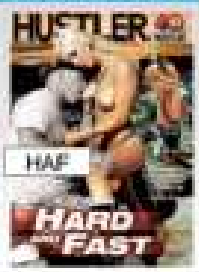

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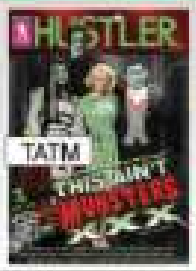
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CHERISH

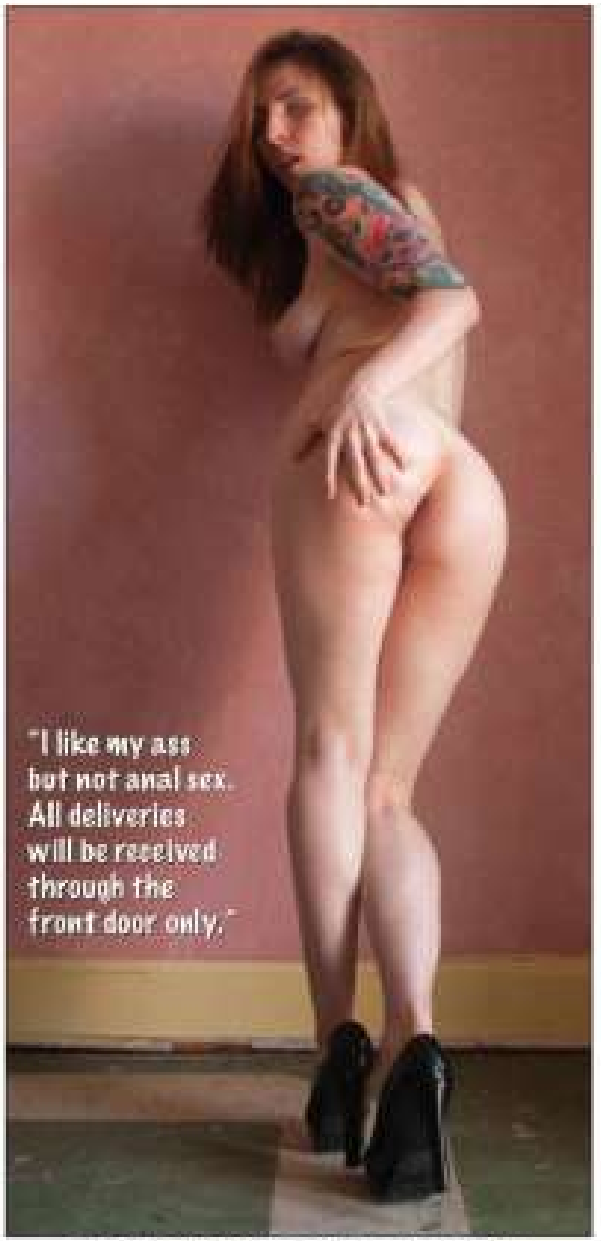
"I feel like I was born to be seen," declares this "open-minded, honest, mysterious and unpredictable" personal assistant from Euclid, Ohio. "Showing off my naked body gives me a rush." Cherish, who'll be turning 22 in May, quickly dispenses with her personal interests: "I love Facebook, horror movies, reality and cooking shows, pole dancing, exercising and gymnastics," the 5-foot-2 newbie rattles off. "Stephen King is my favorite author, but I think I should write my own book. I'm a princess by day, bisexual slut by night." No kidding! "When I was losing my virginity under the bleachers at a park," Cherish recalls, "my parents walked in on us. Talk about scary and embarrassing! A few months later I had sex in a confessional with my priest at the time." Cherish embraces a litany of devilish delights. "I'm very dominant, seductive and aggressive," she confides. "I'm great at giving head to both males and females, and I have some wicked sex toys. I get off tying up my partners and having my way with them! And when they have their way with me, my favorite position is from the back. I love anal, but having my asshole licked really turns me on!" —*Photos by DavidKPhoto.com*

"My favorite birthday present is getting fucked hard from the back until I squirt."

Facebook.com/AdrienneAddiction

SAMATHA

The last time Samatha graced us with her presence, a New Jersey vamp named Sabrina was all over her like a cheap suit. "I absolutely *love* being eaten out," raves the 5-foot-8 medical receptionist from Clearwater, Florida. She's also keen on playing football, roller-skating, watching *Tosh.0* and serving tasty meals that don't entail chowing down on a vagina. "I'm a great wife because I'm an amazing chef, and I love cooking naked!" Samatha bellows. "My guy gets dinner and a show! You have to spice up your home life or it gets boring. That's why I beg to be fucked in the ass at least twice a week. I'm a dirty girl, and I always get what I want!" Samatha, whose wildest fantasy is "role-playing as a horny vampire," will be blowing out 22 candles in May. For putting on another peep show, without anyone impeding the view, we have a nice present: 250 smackers. —*Photos by Mahalos Chuck*



ALEXANDRIA ADAIR

"I get really hot thinking about thousands of people seeing me and getting turned on," states Alexandria Adair, 23, a managerial assistant from Arlington, Virginia. "I'm pretty darned proud of my body." As for its cerebral components, the 5-foot-4 redhead relates, "I'm bubbly, acerbic and humorous. My favorite hobbies are underwater basket weaving, going to comedy clubs, making wine and reading. My all-time favorite book is *Half Asleep in Frog Pajamas*, but I'd rather be wide awake and naked in public places. I've done that in three countries and at the Gettysburg Civil War grounds and God knows how many national parks." The witty, immodest travel buff also digs David Bowie (as a singer and actor), fishing, gardening, watching HUSTLER porn and satisfying her lusty urges. "I've been told I'm an expert at blowjobs," Alexandria exults, "and I love aggressive sex with biting and restraints. I'm ravenously coquettish, but reluctantly straight." She's also an expert at delivering a piping-hot fantasy: "I want a plumber and pizza guy banging me." —*Photos by Friend*

"My fairy tale is meeting a real-life king, who whisks me away to his castle and fucks me royally for hours!"

ANASTASIA GAMILA

"I wished to be nude in HUSTLER because I have a fabulous body that should be shown off to the world," announces Anastasia Gamila, 23, a truly exotic New York City denizen. Like Cleopatra, she's Egyptian—just livelier, lovelier and more accessible. "I'm the ultimate princess," the 5-foot-2 hottie asserts. "I'm glamorous, fun and super spontaneous." Super romantic too. "I want my dream wedding to come soon," Anastasia lays on us. "I'll be the wife who'll be forever fabulous and, most importantly, always down to fuck." While waiting to stroll down the aisle, the tantalizing belly dancer and makeup artist fulfills that vow with her third vocation—sparkling as a legal courtesan in Nevada. "To see the perfection of my body," Anastasia coos, "you need to come to me and play with it any way you like, all night long. I love men, women, oral, anal and everything in between. A nice way to start off is taking me shopping, which will get me really hyper. I'll want to ride your cock for hours. That's just one of my many favorite positions." Anastasia's fave fairy-tale flick is *Pretty Woman*, the story of a Hollywood hooker who finds her dashing Mr. Right. Ms. Gamila sure thinks we're doing something right: "HUSTLER and Larry Flynt are awesome. Creating a magazine about hot girls and who they are as people is wonderful." Anastasia, you're pretty wonderful too. *—Photos by JMR Foto*

Twitter: @CamilaAnastasia

"I like anal a little bit and being submissive a whole lot, but I've never been the dominant partner. My fantasy is to find out what that's like."

MARIE

Hailing from Dallas, Texas, this aspiring model was on her honeymoon when she took the first step toward consideration as a potential HUSTLER Honey. "My wife suggested the idea," Marie, 19, recalls. "She set up the photo-shoot as a surprise. How could I say no? I'm fearless, and I love to get wild and crazy. Two of my hobbies are skydiving and being naked!" A former high school cheerleader and fast-pitch softball player, the 5-foot-5 filly is also enthused by her favorite teams (football's Dallas Cowboys and basketball's San Antonio Spurs), music ("everything from Frank Sinatra and Juicy J to Luke Bryan, AC/DC and Shinedown"), sushi and being a switch-hitter. "Even though I married a woman, I'm actually bisexual," Marie explains. "I'm a total sub, and I love being tortured until I come. I love eating pussy as well. I'm the best at it." Marie is quite a catch: "I may be a total princess, but I always take care of my spouse. I love hard, I care hard, and I love to cook! Who doesn't want a girl like that?" —*Photos by DavidKPhoto.com*

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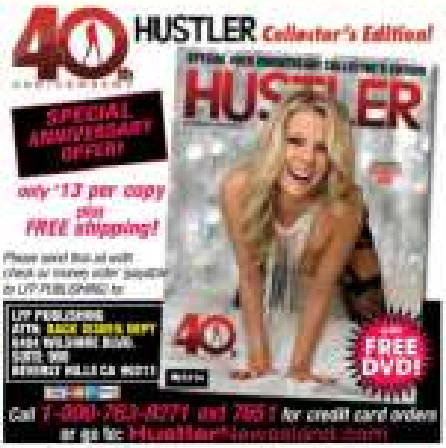
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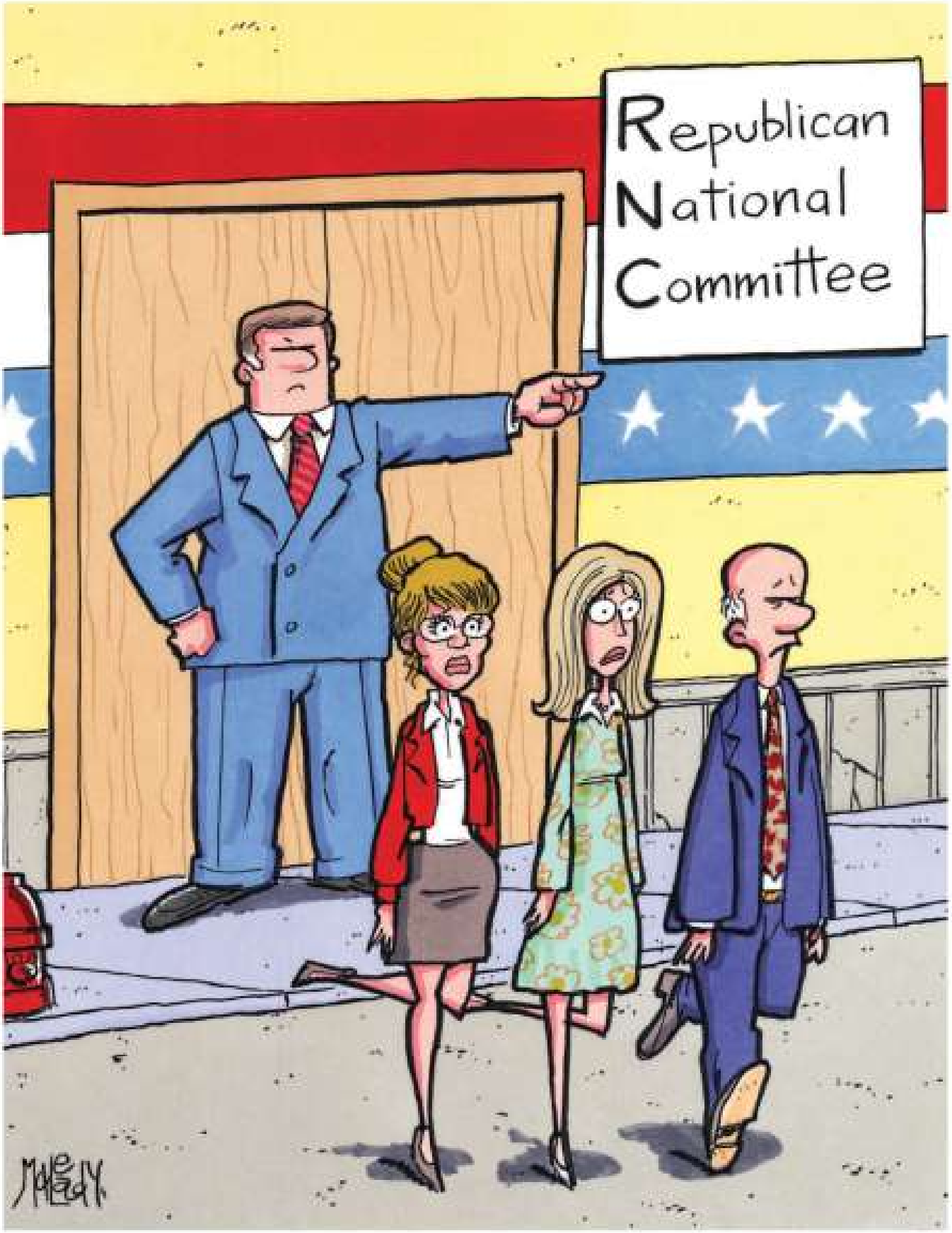

"In an attempt to stop being the "stupid party," the Republican National Committee has asked Sarah Palin, Michele Bachmann and Louie Gohmert to leave."

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PHOTOGRAPHY
BY CLIVE McLEAN

I take control of my man," Yexes informs Chris, who wisely allows his domineering partner to wrap her sultry lips around his shaft and suck until he's weak in the knees. Yexes wrestles Chris onto his back and plants herself on his pole, her ass slapping thunderously against his ball sac. Knowing Chris is ready to explode, the merciless tease slows her rhythm and whispers warmly in his ear, "Where do you think you're going? I didn't tell you to come yet."

COMING SOON

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SMOKING-HOT SELFIES

We hacked the triple-X Twitter accounts of the world's hottest porn stars to steal jaw-dropping tweets and very naughty selfies. Check out our sizzling score—Chanel Preston, Cassidy Banks, Asa Akira, Bailey Rayne and more. These girls are having way too much fun!

THE JOB PIRATE

A hero for today's workplace, this professional pretender has worked 82 jobs over the past 20 years, from CEO to porn writer to morgue driver. Meet Brandon Christopher, part con artist, part hustler—100% funny—and learn important tips, like: Why just quit when you can take a dump on your boss's brand-new Benz?

CURTIS ARMSTRONG KING OF THE NERDS

From ghosts to women lined up outside Tom Cruise's dressing room, this *Supernatural*/*New Girl*/*King of the Nerds* star has seen plenty of strange things. Armstrong talks Zooey Deschanel, Daryl Hannah and, of course, Booger.

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